

..ON A.. TECHNICALITY

By Morrill Hazzard.

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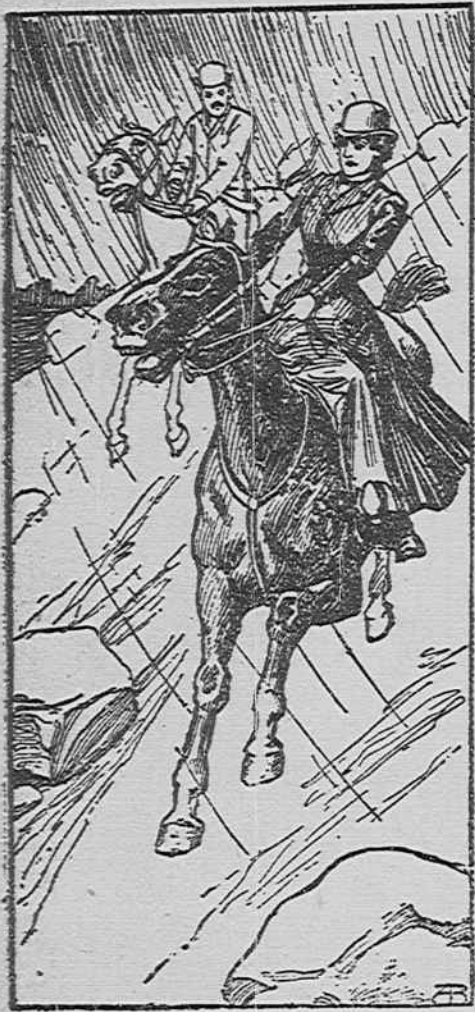
It was to be a clandestine meeting with Elaine. If Vincent thought of his duplicity at all, he simply hugged himself for the inspiration of it. He was elated by the change in her attitude toward him since she imagined him to be the man who had curbed her frightened horse in the park.

Springing from the train, he glanced up to the overhanging bluff and saw her outlined against the autumn landscape, firm and erect upon her own Kitty and leading the mare's riderless companion by the bridle. He hurried to her side, blushing crimson, as he always did in her presence, with the thought of the lie he was acting heavy upon him.

In their greeting was the brevity of good fellowship. He swung into the saddle, and she smiled at his strength and agility. Surely, she thought, if he were not her preserver he had been most wonderfully endowed to play the part. She was satisfied to believe in him, whatever the violent skepticism of her Aunt Buford.

She studied him as they rode along, but he was like the sphinx, unreadable. Again she strove to draw him forth regarding his gallant deed.

"What made you run away from us after your splendid conduct?" she ques-



IT WAS A FEARFUL RISK, A PACE LIKE THAT.

tioned, with true womanly persistency in pursuing an intensely personal topic. He bantered her.

"There was no room for me upon your horse, was there? Besides, I did not stop the horse."

"Oh," she laughed gayly, believing in him anew, rejecting his disclaimer as he knew she would.

And yet—She bit her lip with vexation. She wished that Vincent would avow the deed more earnestly. She wished the glory of his deed rested on something more substantial than the testimony of her younger and more romantic sister Evelyn. Moreover, she could not forget the persistent skepticism of her aunt, who openly branded Vincent as a fraud.

She tried to put her doubts aside. She scouted the notion that Vincent would stoop to false pretense. And yet—he smiled so oddly!

As though enraged by the lingering of autumn, long blasts of chilling wind swept down from the west and north, shrieking and roaring among the hills and proclaiming the reign of another king throughout a conquered land. The gaunt remains of the wild flowers were beaten down upon the face of the fields by angry scouts of the tempest and hung quivering in one terrified direction. Across the ground like routed armies innumerable companies of dried leaves scurried madly before the fierce invader. The mournful trees bent low. At last the dusty road was mottled with raindrops, and in the air was the odor of moistened earth.

Elaine was riding ahead, and her pace was slow. Behind her Vincent marveled that she did not press her mare to a faster gait, for they were still far from a place of shelter.

On the brow of a sharp declivity she checked the restive Kitty. Below the country road wound tortuously until it joined acutely with a broad white pike. Vincent, overtaking her, was startled by the changed expression on her face. She raised her whip high in air just as the black dome split, revealing a universe of fire. The crash of thunder and the cruel blow from Elaine's whip fell simultaneously, and the high strung beast rose upon her rear hoofs, stationary, but a-tremble. The clean fore limbs hung motionless in the air.

Vincent cried out hoarsely, but Elaine again used the whip, and the gathering energies of the animal were released like the second bolt, which suddenly rent the bulging clouds with a streak of flame. Eluding him, the maddened mare plunged down the grade. A cry from Elaine was borne back to him. The mare was beyond her control.

Already Vincent had spurred on his steed in pursuit. The brave animal caught the man's spirit. It was a fearful risk, a pace like that among treacherous rocks, but he was overtaking her.

Leaning farther forward upon the rigid neck of his flying horse, straining the animal to the limit of its strength and speed, he saw only Elaine, thought only of Elaine.

In places the road was like a ruined staircase, the level pike beyond separated from the gully only by a low stone wall. Here Elaine would pay for her rashness with her life unless she fell before they reached the wall, for the runaway would certainly leap to destruction.

Into the broad, white road the mare shot like a living projectile and made for the wall with the thunder of hoofs behind her. Taking the obstacle, she swerved from the force of equine habit.

That was the moment. Vincent's horse crashed upon the mare, and both animals reeled from the shock. The fugitive went over the wall, but Elaine was safe in the arms of Vincent. Her foot providentially slipped from the stirrup, but he was hard put to keep her from slipping to the ground.

He heard her mutter incoherently: "I did it on purpose—to see—if you actually would do it—and she—she really ran away. Oh, Vincent!" And thus they clung together while the deluge poured upon them.

"There they come at last," said Mrs. Buford, with satisfaction and retribution mingling in her tones. "He is a stupid impostor, and he cannot deny the proofs I now have."

Two rain soaked figures mounted the steps and came into the house. Like an avenging angel, Mrs. Buford barred their entrance to the library. In one hand she held a photograph, in the other an open letter.

"Mr. Vincent Merrill, I believe you call yourself?"

"That is my name," was his proud reply.

"I may inform you, sir, that the detectives whom I employed to find the real savior of my niece declare that you are simply masquerading as the individual in this portrait." She drew herself up several inches. "The genuine hero turns out to be a poor denizen of the east side suspected of some petty theft and anxious to avoid publicity through fear of the police. That is why we were unable to locate and properly reward him. My younger niece's unfortunate blunder has placed Elaine in a most awkward predicament. In fact, she has been your dupe."

Elaine gasped, but Mrs. Buford continued remorselessly:

"And now, Mr. Merrill, what have you to say for yourself?"

Vincent's glance fell to the floor, where water was oozing from his boots in muddy puddles.

"Well, to be perfectly frank, Mrs. Buford, we were caught in a frightful storm and sought shelter at the Methodist parsonage, and—while we were there we just thought we'd be married; that is all."

How Glass Is Polished.

It was formerly thought that the processes of grinding and polishing glass were continuous, but closer investigation of the subject has proved that this is not the case. Glass grinding is effected by the use of emery powder of various degrees of fineness. But it has been shown that this grinding cannot be carried beyond a certain point, however fine a powder may be used. In fact, a continuation of it does the work and breaks the surface up again.

The most finely ground plate, if largely magnified, is shown to be covered with tiny bits which no grinding will remove. The work is therefore continued with rouge carried on a pad of resin, which gradually smooths down the elevations between the pits. Hydrofluoric acid gas corrodes glass very rapidly, but a weak solution of it melts away the roughened surface and leaves a fine polish underneath. This method is used where very fine adjustments of the surface are required—as, for instance, in lenses for telescopes and microscopes.

Diet and Offspring.

A veteran lumberman told the following story the other day. It may be recognized by some as a familiar acquaintance in new clothes:

"The commissary of subsistence in a large lumber camp in the northwest drove 150 miles to get a change of fare and returned with two crates of live poultry. Grain being out of the question, the fowls were fed on cornmeal made into dough. That proving very expensive, our commissary mixed sawdust with it in the proportion of three parts of meal to one part of sawdust. The chickens ate as usual, and the hens began to lay."

"By and by as the meal grew scarcer the proportion of sawdust was increased until the food became a mixture of three parts of that woody product to one of meal. One of the older hens manifesting a desire to brood, twelve eggs were assigned to her, and at the end of twenty-one days what do you suppose she hatched? Eleven woodpeckers and a chick with a wooden leg!"—New York Press.

Not Quite Sure.

"Yes, I had all the fellows in the place for my rivals when I was courting."

"And yet you carried off the prize?" interrupted his enthusiastic friend.

"Well," corrected the other slowly if not severely, "I don't altogether know about that, but I married the girl."

Her Authority.

Mamie—She is trying to keep her marriage a secret.

Maud—How do you know?

Mamie—She told me so.—Baltimore World.

The man who wants to prove everything he says advertises the fact that his word isn't to be credited.—Chicago News.

The Railroads of The World.

Some interesting statistics have recently been printed concerning the railroads of the world, and especially the railroads of the United States. It is shown that of the total mileage now open to traffic North America has 236,657 miles, Europe 168,605, Asia 35,580, South America 28,364, Africa 15,860 and Australia 15,282. Mexico, which in 1873 had but one railway 264 miles long, from Vera Cruz to the capital city, now as a network of 9,603 miles, while the Canadian systems now cover 17,657 miles of track.

This shows that America is well in the lead in railroad building, and it is also well in the lead in the operation of railroads. In an article in the December number of "Traction and Transmission," the monthly supplement to the London Journal, Engineering, is an article by Robert P. Porter, which is reviewed in the Sunday issue of the New York Sun. Mr. Porter draws a striking contrast between the condition of railroads in this country now and five years ago. He points out that at that date nearly one-half of the enormous sums invested in railways, amounting in the aggregate to about twelve thousand million dollars, brought no returns; that the loss of railway revenues by the reduction of rates between 1890 and 1895 was in round numbers \$60,000,000 of which \$5,000,000 was due to reductions in passenger rates and \$55,000,000 to reductions in freight rates. He says that 70 per cent. of outstanding shares paid in 1895 no dividends, and that this was true also as to the interests on 17 per cent. of the bonds of these companies, which means that five thousand million dollars worth of these investments were non-productive.

But the situation is very different today. According to this writer the payrolls of the railway companies of the United States have increased from \$440,000,000 in 1895, to \$777,000,000 in 1900. Machinists, carpenters and other skilled workmen classified with them got \$28,000,000; trackmen got \$21,000,000; engine drivers and firemen got \$18,000,000; conductors got \$6,500,000; switchmen, flagmen and watchmen got over \$5,000,000, whereas the total sum paid to officers of these companies was something less than \$925,000. It is further pointed out that while \$777,000,000 went on the pay-rolls, the stockholders and bondholders received \$392,000,000.

But the railroads of this country are becoming more and more prosperous and more and more remunerative to those who own stock, and it must be remembered that the stockholders are by no means confined to the rich class. Railroad stocks and bonds are held very largely by men and women in moderate circumstances, which means that they are regarded now as good and safe investments, while in former days their value was for the most part speculative. These good results have been brought about by better management and by enlargement of the principle of "community of interest," as it is called. Railroads have been incorporated into systems, and the systems have been operated in harmony, thus avoiding in a great degree disastrous rate cutting.

We do not know it to be a fact, but it is said by those who have made a study of the subject that in the United States, where the railroads are owned and operated by private corporations, the people have better and cheaper facilities than are afforded in other countries where the government is in control. A great deal has been said and is being said about the danger of railroad consolidation, but for our part it seems to us that the benefits of consolidation have been far greater from every point of view than any disadvantage that has come either to the railroads themselves or to the general public.—Richmond Times.

The Happiest of Women.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in a recent address to the Fortnightly Club of Chicago, said she was convinced that the American woman is the happiest in the world. No higher testimonial to our civilization could be desired no better tribute to the American man could be asked. Under our civilization women are very largely dependent upon men for many of their conditions of happiness and when conditions are prosperous and pleasant for the women of America it is convincing proof that the men of America are behaving with comparative decency and coming up to the neighborhood of their duty. The fact that the number of men in this country who are supported by women has become very large and is increasing steadily has elevated the respect and the pity also of the true men of this country for women, but to the superficial observer it would not seem to have added to the sum of woman's happiness. The theory that it could not have done so is based upon ignorance of woman's nature.

Some of the shrewdest observers have declared that woman never reaches the heights of her possible happiness until she bears the burden of trifling man's support. All of us have seen illustrations of the strength and splendor of woman's character under such conditions. Many of us have expended our compassion upon helpless women and our indignation upon the men for whom they made unspeakable sacrifice, but in doing so we have proved that woman's nature. The happiest woman is the one who is doing most of the work that the man who should be her dependence should do. Still we trust that this is not the reason why Mrs. Patrick Campbell asserts that the women of America are the happiest in the world.—Atlanta Journal.

CHILD WORTH MILLIONS.

"My child is worth millions to me," says Mrs. Mary Bird of Harrisburg, Pa. "I would have lost her by croup had I not purchased a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure." One Minute Cough Cure is sure cure for coughs, croup and throat and lung troubles. An absolutely safe cough cure which acts immediately. The youngest child can take it with entire safety. The little ones like the taste and remember how often it helped them. Every family should have a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure handy. At this season especially it may be needed suddenly. J. S. HUGHSON & CO.

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In our Fall Announcement we predicted a late and consequently a short season, and we believe the results so far have proven the truthfulness of our prediction. We have a very large stock of goods which we are anxious to convert into money and will do so on as reasonable a margin of profit as legitimate merchandising will justify.

*****We Have no Special Sales For Special Days*****

But purpose making every day from now until Christmas, one of Special sales. We realize that the needs of our country friends next year will be much more than usual, owing to the failure of the corn crop, and we are willing to

Sacrifice Our Profits That we may be able to assist them and Hats, IT TAKES MONEY Therefore every dollar you spend with us enables us to help you.

Our Clothing Department Would do credit to an exclusive city store. Here you will find suits to fit, from the smallest boy to the 300 pounder. Our buyer bought 200 BOY'S SUITS, sizes 5 to 15, "under the hammer"—Goods worth from \$1.50 to \$2. but the price paid for them justifies us in selling them **At Ninety-five Cents.**

There are several styles, come early or the choice may be gone. Our better grade of Boys' suits from \$2 up, have **double knee and double seat.** Every mother knows where a Boy's Pants first gives way, so this feature ought to be appreciated. We have

Boys' Overcoats, sizes 5 to 12 years, from \$1.00 to \$5.00
Youths' Overcoats, sizes 12 to 19 years, from \$2.50 to \$8.00

— OUR LINE OF —

Men's Overcoats Is probably the largest and best assorted you will find to select from, the prices run from **\$2.50 to \$20.00**. The man must be very fastidious, indeed, who cannot get a suit to please him in our establishment. Our line embraces a full stock of Plain and Fancy Worsteds, Meltons, Cheviots and Graines, in slims, stouts and regulars from \$2.50 to \$20.

If you need an extra pair of PANTS, you will find our stock a good one from which to select, as we carry them as high as \$7.50 per pair. We had about

200 Pairs Pants slightly water damaged in transit. There were some worth \$2 per pair none less than \$1.50, we put them all down **At ninety-five cents per pair.**

While we are devoting most of this ad. to Clothing, bear in mind we are not neglecting our

Dry Goods and Shoe Stock You will find these departments thoroughly up to date and no better values for the money to be had in the city. Our facilities heretofore prevented our carrying as complete line of

Ladies' Cloaks As our trade required, but we have no hesitancy in saying now that our stock will compare favorably with any in the city. From a \$1.50 Jacket to a \$20 Automobile Coat we can suit you.

Remember we will not be undersold and our motto shall be,

"Sell as Cheap as We Can, Not as Dear as We Might."

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Our "Mountain Dew" 5 year old whiskey is a liquid joy! It is actually produced by honest Tar Heels in the Mountain Section of North Carolina, by the old time hand process. Every drop is boiled over open furnace wood fires, in old style copper stills, in exactly the same way as distilled by our grandfathers a century ago. First rate whiskey is sold at \$5 to \$6 per gallon, but is not any better than "Mountain Dew." It is the best in the world and must please every customer or we will buy it back with Gold—and the Peoples National Bank of Winston, North Carolina, will tell you our guarantee is good. To more fully introduce "Mountain Dew," we offer either three or five gallons (in plain sealed box) at the special price of \$1.95 per gallon cash with order. Positive-ly no larger amount shipped. On future shipments we will require the usual price, viz: \$2.95 per gallon. Express prepaid to all regular customers. We have branch warehouses in Denver, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, but all orders and remittances (in stamps, cash or by check, etc.) as well as requests for confidential price list must be addressed as follows:

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June 15, 1901

Between:

Camden S. C. and Blacksburg, S. C.

Read down		Read up	
35	33	Eastern time	32
STATIONS			
a. m.	p. m.		
8 20	12 50	Camden	12 20
8 50	1 15	Dekalb	12 50
9 20	1 27	Westville	1 20
10 50	2 05	Trenton	1 30
11 20	2 12	Heath Springs	1 30
12 20	2 37	Lancaster	1 50
12 40	2 50	Riverside	2 00
2 30	3 10	Castaway Junction	2 20
4 00	3 40	Rock Hill	2 30
4 45	4 02	Tirzah	2 30
5 20	4 18	Yorkville	2 30
5 45	4 34	Sharon	2 30
6 05	4 50	Hickory Grove	2 30
6 20	5 00	Smyrna	2 30
6 50	5 25	Blacksburg	2 30
p. m.	p. m.		

Between

Blacksburg S. C. and Marion S. C.

Read down		Read up	
31	33	Eastern time	32
STATIONS			
a. m.	p. m.		
6 45	5 25	Blacksburg	7 40
7 32	5 49	Baria	7 30
7 45	5 49	Patterson Springs	7 30
8 20	6 00	Shelby	7 30
9 00	6 21	Lattimore	7 30
9 10	6 30	Mooreboro	7 30
9 25	6 41	Henrietta	7 30
9 55	6 59	Forest City	7 30
10 30	7 15	Rutherfordton	7 30
12 00	7 50	Thermal City	7 30
12 25	8 10	Glenwood	7 30
1 00	8 30	Marion	7 30
p. m.	p. m.		

Gaffney Division.

Read down		Read up	
15	13	EASTERN TIME	14
STATIONS			
a. m.	a. m.		
1 00	6 00	Blacksburg	7 30
1 20	6 20	Cherokee Falls	7 30
1 40	6 40	Gaffney	7 30
p. m.	a. m.		

*Daily except Sunday
†20 minutes for dinner
Trains Nos 32 and 33 are operated daily.
Trains Nos 23, 35, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 are operated daily except Sunday.

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At Lancaster with L. & C. R. R.
At Carawana Jct. with Seaboard Air Line
At Rock Hill with Southern Railway
At Yorkville with Carolina & North Western R. R.

At Blacksburg with S. A. L. and A. C. Line
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